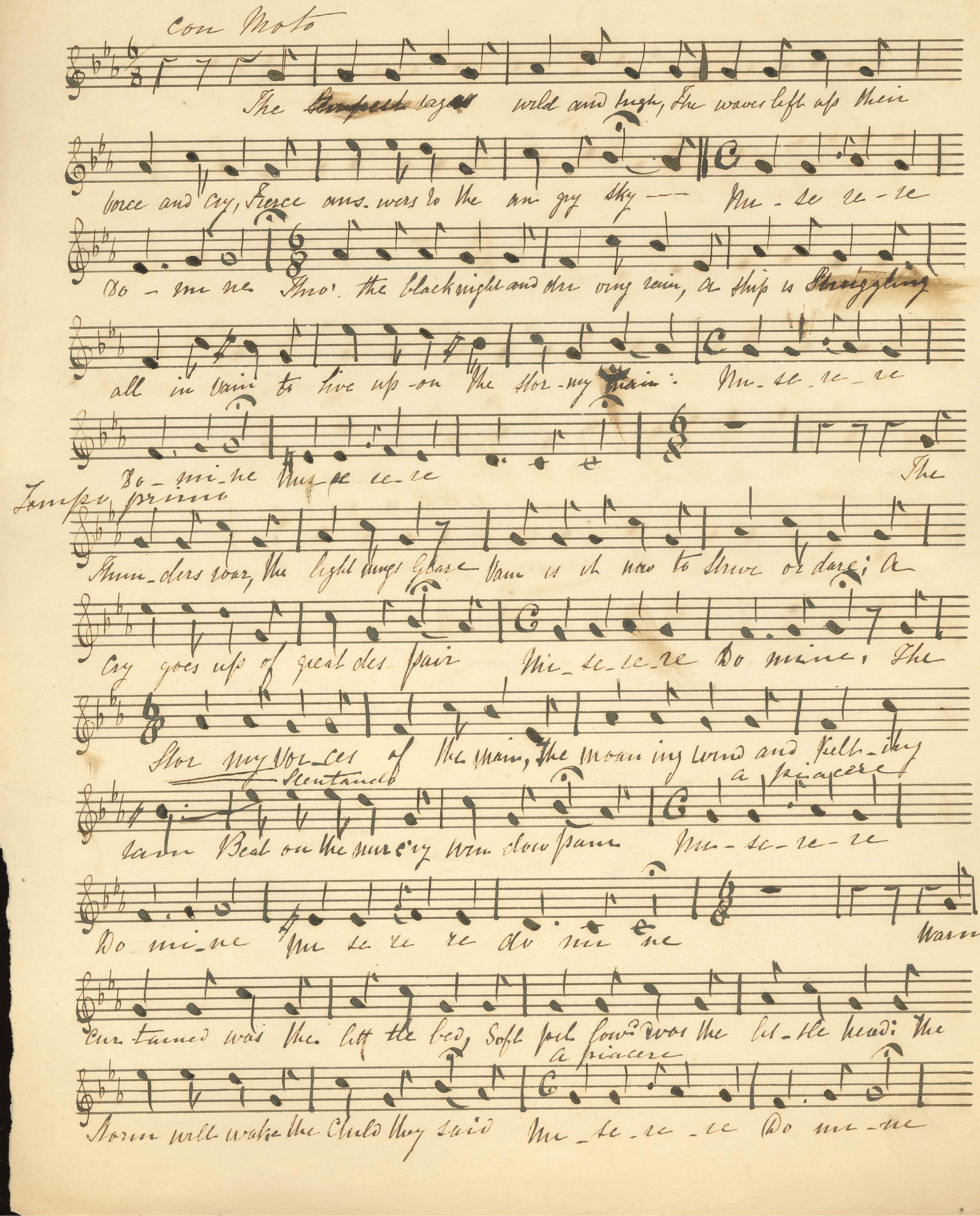
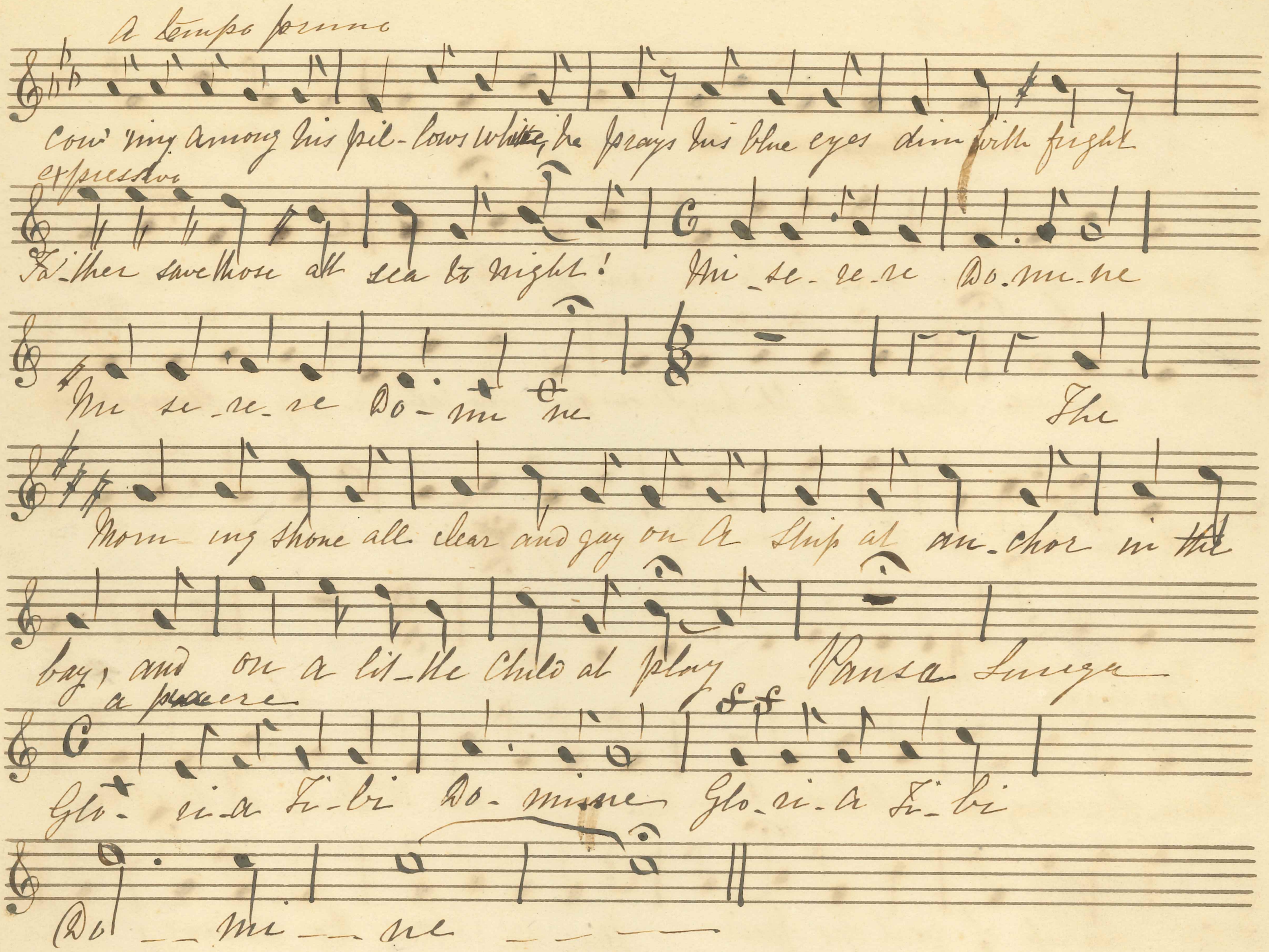
The Storm


Con Moto
The ~~Tempest~~ rages wild and high, The waves lift up their
voice and cry, Fierce ans-wers to the an-gry sky — Mi-se-re-re
Do-mi-ne Thro' the black night and dri-ving rain, A ship is Struggling
all in vain to live up-on the stor-my main: Mi-se-re-re
Do-mi-ne Mi-se-re-re The
Tempo primo
Thun-ders roar, the light-nings glare Vain is it now to strive or dare; A
cry goes up of great des-pair Mi-se-re-re Do-mi-ne; The
Stor-my voi-ces of the main, The moan-ing wind and pelt-ing
Slentando
a piacere
rain Beat on the nur-s'ry win-dow pane Mi-se-re-re
Do-mi-ne Mi-se-re-re do-mi-ne Warm
Cur-tained was the lit-tle bed, Soft pil-low'd was the lit-tle head; The
a piacere
Storm will wake the Child they said Mi-se-re-re Do-mi-ne


A tempo primo
Cow'ring among his pil-lows white, he prays his blue eyes dim with fright
expressivo
Fa-ther save those at sea to night! Mi-se-re-re Do-mi-ne
Mi se-re-re Do-mi-ne
The
Morn-ing shone all clear and gay on A Ship at an-chor in the
bay, and on a lit-tle Child at play
Pausa Lunga
a piacere
ff
Glo-ri-a Ti-bi Do-mine Glo-ri-a Ti-bi
Do-mi-ne